

THE

CANADIAN GEM

AND FAMILY VISITOR;

A LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS

MAGAZINE,.....MONTHLY.

JOSEPH H. LEONARD, EDITOR.

Vol. II.

OCTOBER.

No. X.

TORONTO, C. W.

PUBLISHED BY JOSEPH H. LEONARD.

1849.

TERMS:—Five shillings a-year, *in advance*; six shillings and three-pence at three months, and SEVEN SHILLINGS and SIX-PENCE where payment is delayed six months.

G. W. LEONARD,
G. Wellington Buildings, King-st.

309680 B
16- 1- 35

THE

CANADIAN GEM

AND FAMILY VISITOR.

VOL. II.

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1849.

No. X.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Continued from page 208.

"John is very late to-night," said the poor widow Elliott as she got up and went to the door to look out in the hope of seeing her boy. Supper had been ready for at least an hour, but she didn't feel like eating anything until John came home. Little Nelly had fallen asleep by the fire and was now snugly covered up in bed. As Mrs. Elliott opened the door, the cold air pressed in upon her bearing a heavy burden of snow. She shivered like one in a sudden ague fit, and shutting the door quickly murmured—

"My poor boy, it is a dreadful night for him to be out, and so thinly clad. I wonder why he stays so late away?"

The mother hardly uttered these words when the door was thrown open, and John entered with a hasty step bearing several packages in his arms, all covered with snow.

"There's your Christmas gift, mother," said he in a delighted tone; "and there's

Nelly's!" displaying at the same time three pair of shoes, a paper of sugar, another of tea, and another of rice."

Mrs. Elliott looked bewildered.

"Where did all these things come from, John?" she asked in a trembling voice, for she was overcome with surprise and pleasure at this unexpected supply of articles so much needed.

John gave an artless relation of what had passed between him and the printer for whom he worked and added—

"I knew the number you wore and I thought I would guess at Nelly's size. If they don't fit the man says he will change them; and I'll go clear back to the store to-night so that she shall have her new shoes for Christmas. Won't she be glad! I wish she were awake."

"And the tea, sugar and rice, you bought with the half-dollar he gave you," said the mother.

"Yes," replied John; "I bought the tea and sugar for you. They're your Christmas gift from me. And the rice we'll have

to-morrow. Won't you make us a rice-pudding for our dinner?"

"You're a good boy, John—a very good boy," said the mother, much affected by the generous spirit her boy displayed.—

"Yes, you shall have a rice-pudding. But take off your wet shoes, my son—they are all wet, and dry your feet by the fire."

"No, not till you put Nelly's shoes on to see if they fit her," replied John.

"If they don't fit, I'm going back to the store for a pair that will. She shall have her new shoes for Christmas. And, mother, try on yours, may be they won't do."

To satisfy the earnest boy, Mrs. Elliott tried on Nelly's shoes, although the child was asleep.

"Just the thing," said she.

"Now try on yours," urged John.

"They couldn't fit me better," said the mother, as she slipped on one of the shoes. "Now take off your wet ones, and dry your feet before the fire, while I put the supper on the table."

John, satisfied now that all was right, did as his mother wished, while she got ready their frugal repast. Both were too much excited to have very keen appetites.

As they were about rising from the table, after finishing their meal, some one knocked at the door, John opened it, and a gentleman came in and said, familiarly—

"How do you do, Mrs. Elliott?"

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Mayfield?—Take a seat;" and she handed her visitor a chair.

"How has your wrist got, Mrs. Elliott? Are you most ready to take my washing again?"

"It's better, I thank you, but not well enough for that; and I can't tell you when it will be. A sprain is so long in getting well."

"How do you get along?" asked Mr. Mayfield. "Can you do any kind of work?"

"Nothing more than a little about the house."

"Then you don't earn anything at all?"

"No, sir, nothing."

"How do you manage to live, Mrs. Elliott?"

"We have to get along the best we can on John's two dollars a week."

"Two dollars a week! You can't live on two dollars a week, Mrs. Elliott; that is impossible."

"It's all we have," said the widow.

Mr. Mayfield asked a good many more questions and showed a very kind interest in the poor widow's affairs. When he arose to go away, he said—

"I will send you a few things to night, Mrs. Elliott, as a Christmas present. This is the season when friends remember each other, and tokens of good will are passing in all directions. I think I cannot do better than to spend all I designed giving for this purpose, in making you a little more comfortable. So when the man comes with what I shall send, you will know that it is for you. Good night. I will drop in to see you again before long."

And ere Mrs. Elliott could express her thanks, Mr. Mayfield had retired.

No very long time passed before the voice of a man speaking to a horse, was heard at the door. The vehicle had moved so noiselessly on the snow-covered streets, that its approach had not been observed. The loud stroke of a whip handle on the door caused the expectant widow and her son to start. John immediately opened it.

"Is this Mrs. Elliott's?" asked a carman, who stood with his leather hat and rough coat all covered with snow.

"Yes, sir," replied John.

"Very well: I've got a Christmas present for her, I rather think; so hold open the door until I bring it in."

John had been trying on his new shoes,

and had got them laced up about his ankles just as the carman came. So out he bounded into the snow, leaving the door to take care of itself, and was up in the car in a twinkling. It did not take long, with John's active assistance, to transfer the contents of the car to the widow's store-room, which had been for a long time wanting in almost everything.

"Good night to you madam," said the carman as he was retiring, "and may tomorrow be the merriest Christmas you have ever spent. It isn't every one who has a friend like yours."

"No, and may God reward him," said Mrs. Elliott, fervently, as the man closed the door, and left her alone with her children.

And now the timely present was more carefully examined. It consisted of many articles. First, and not the least welcome, was half a barrel of flour. Then there was a bag of cornmeal, another of potatoes, with sugar, tea, rice, molasses, butter etc.; some warm stockings for the children, a cheap thick shawl for herself, and a pair of gum shoes, besides a good many little things that had all been selected with a strict regard to their use. A large chicken for a Christmas dinner, and some leaves of fresh Dutch cake for the children, had not been forgotten. Added to all this was a letter containing five dollars, in which the generous donor said that on the next day he would send her a small stove and half a ton of coal.

Edward Mayfield slept sweetly and, soundly that night. On the next day, which was Christmas, he got the stove for Mrs. Elliott. It was a small, cheap and economical one, designed expressly for the poor. He sent it with half a ton of coal.

Three or four days after Christmas, Mrs.

Green said to Lizzy and Jane, as they sat sowing—

"I declare, girls we've entirely forgotten our washerwoman, Mrs. Elliott. It is some weeks since she sent us word that she had sprained her wrist, and could not do our washing until it got well. I think you had better go and visit her this morning. She stands in need of something. She has two children, and only one of them is old enough to earn anything, and even he can only bring home a small sum. We have done wrong to forget Mrs. Elliott."

"You go and see her Lizzy," said Jane, "I don't care about visiting poor people in distress; it makes me feel bad."

"To relieve their wants Jane, ought to make you feel good," said Mrs. Green.

"I know it ought; but I'll not go to the washerwoman's."

"Oh yes Jane," said Lizzy; you must go with me. I want you to go. Poor Mrs. Elliott! who knows how much she has suffered?"

"Oh yes Jane, go with Lizzy; I want you to go."

Jane did not like to refuse positively, so she got ready and went, though with a good deal of reluctance. Like a great many others, she had no taste for scenes of distress. If she could relieve a want by putting her hand behind her and not seeking the object of penury, she had no objection to doing so, but to look suffering in the face was too revolting to her sensitive feelings.

When Lizzy and Jane entered the humble home of the widow they found everything comfortable, neat and clean. A small stove was upon the hearth and though the day was very cold, diffused a general warmth throughout the room. Mrs. Elliott sat knitting, she appeared to be extremely glad to see the girls. Lizzy inquired how her wrist was getting along and if she

stood in need of anything. To the last question she replied;—

"I should have wanted almost everything to make me comfortable, had not Mr. Mayfield, one of the gentlemen I washed for before I hurt my wrist, remembered me at Christmas. He sent me this little stove and a load of coal, a half barrel of flour, meal, potatoes, tea, sugar, and I can't now tell you what all, besides a chicken for our Christmas dinner, and five dollars in money. I'm sure he couldn't have spent less than twenty dollars. Heaven knows I shall never forget him! He came on Christmas eve, and enquired so kindly how I was getting along, and then told me he would send me a little present instead of those who didn't really need anything, and who might well forgive him for omitting the usual compliments of the season. Soon after he was gone, a man brought us a cart load of things, and on Christmas day the stove and the coal came.

Jane looked to Lizzy, upon whose face was a warm glow, and in whose eyes was a bright light.

"Then you do not need anything?" said Lizzy.

"No, I thank you kindly, not now.—I am very comfortable. Long before my coal, flour, meal and potatoes are out, I hope to be able to take in washing again, and then I shall not need any assistance."

"Forgive me sister, for my light words about Edward," Jane said, the moment she and Lizzy left the widow's house. "He is generous and noblehearted. I would rather he had done this than made me a present of the most costly remembrance he could find, for it stamps his character. Lizzy you may well be proud of him."

Lizzy did not trust herself to reply, for she could think of no words adequate to the expression of her feelings.

When Jane told her father about the


widow—Lizzy was modestly silent on the subject, Mr. Green said—

"That was nobly done? There is the ring of the genuine coin! I am proud of him!"

Tears came into Lizzy's eyes as she heard her father speak so warmly and approvingly of her lover.

"Next year," added Mr. Green, "we must take a lesson of Edward and improve our system of holiday presents.—How many hundreds and thousands of dollars are wasted in useless souvenirs and petty trifles, that might do a lasting good if the stream of kind feelings were turned into a better channel!"

ADVANCE IN CIVILIZATION, AND COMPARATIVE INADEQUATE ELEVATION OF NATIONAL TASTES AND PURSUITS.

E are perpetually speaking of the march of intellect, the vast spread of intelligence, the advancing civilization of the world; and in some respects our boasts are well founded.—Certainly, in one particular, society has taken a mighty step in advance. The abolition of domestic slavery has emancipated the millions who formerly toiled in bondage; the art of printing has multiplied an hundred fold the reading and thinking world. Our opportunities thereof have been prodigiously enlarged; our means of elevation are tenfold what they were in ancient times. But has our elevation itself kept pace with these enlarged means? Has the increased direction of the popular mind to lofty and spiritual objects the more complete subjugation of sense, the enlarged perception of the useful and the beautiful, been in proportion to the extended facilities given to the great body of the people?—Alas! the fact is just the reverse. Balbec was a mere station in the desert, without territory, harbor, subjects—maintained solely by the commerce of the East with Europe, which flowed

through its walls. Yet Balbec raised, in less than a century, a more glorious pile of structures, devoted to religion and lofty objects, than London, Paris, and St. Peterburg united can now boast. The Decapolis was a small remote district of Palestine, not larger in proportion to the Roman, than Morayshire is in proportion to the British empire; yet it contained, as its name indicates, and as the remains still attest ten cities, the least considerable of which Geborn, contains, as Buckingham tells us in his "Travels beyond the Jordan," the ruins of more sumptuous edifices than any city in the British islands, London itself not expected, can now boast. It was the same all over the East and in all the southern provinces of the Roman empire. Whence has arisen the great disproportion between the great things done by the citizens in ancient and modern times, when in the latter enlarged in cultivation has been so immeasurably extended? It is in vain to say it is because we have more social and domestic happiness, and our wealth devoted to those objects not external embellishment. Social and domestic happiness are in the direct, not in the inverse ratio of general refinement and the spread of intellectual intelligence. The domestic duties are better nourished in the temple than in the gin-shop; the admirers of sculpture will make better fathers and husbands than the lovers of whiskey. Is it that we want funds for such an undertaking?

Why, London is richer than ever Rome was; the commerce of the world, not in the eastern caravans, flows through its bosom. The sums annually squandered in Manchester and Glasgow on intoxicating liquors would soon make them rival the eternal structures of Tadmor and Palmyra. Is it that the great bulk of our people are unavoidably chained by their character and climate to gross and degrading enjoyments? Is it that the spreading of knowledge, and free institutions, only confirm the sway of sensual gratification, and that

a pure and spiritual religion tends only to strengthen the fetters of passion and selfishness? Is it that the inherent depravity of the human heart appears to move clearly, as man is emancipated from the fetters of authority? Must we go back to early ages for noble and elevated motives of action? Is the spread of freedom but another name for the extension of brutality? God forbid that so melancholy a doctrine should have any foundation in human nature! We mention the facts and leave it to future ages to discover their solution; contenting ourselves with pointing out to our self-applauding countrymen how much they have to do before they attain the level of their advantages, or justify the boundless blessings which Providence has bestowed upon them.—*Blackwoods Magazine.*

Original.

AUTUMN.

BY A. G.

Oh! Autumn, autumn, with thy yellow leaf,
The emblem sad of sickness pain and grief,
Thy whisp'ring leaves by zephyrs lightly mov'd
Call back remembrances of those once lov'd.

The golden harvest blessings from above,
Which circle round us as with arms of love,
To the, oh Giver, we our voices raise,
And utter forth with thankfulness our praise.

The falling leaves! when in the "stilly night,"
Pale lunar sheds o'er all her borrow'd light;
When silently the falling verdure's cast,
We all may hear the whisperings of the past.

The closing year! 'tis passing to the tomb,
All nature mourns her fast approaching doom;
Stern Winter's terrors close around us fast,
And Autumn's sighs are heard in every blast.

LYING.—Never chase a lie. Let it alone, it will run itself to death. I can work out a good character much faster than any one can lie me out of it.

TRUTH.

BY MRS. FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

"This above all!—to thine own self be true?
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

CHAPTER I.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

MOTHER! mother!" exclaimed a sweet eager voice, and the speaker, a child of thirteen years, burst into the room where Mrs. Carlton sat at work, "don't you think there is to be a prize given on exhibition day for best composition! and I mean to try for it—shant I?"

Mrs. Carlton drew the little girl towards her, and smoothed back the rebellious curls, at the same time exclaiming with a long drawn sigh, "My dear Harriet, how you do look!"

"Oh! mother, it's not the least matter how I look! If I were only a beauty now, like Angelina Burton, I would keep my hair as smooth as—as *any* thing; but I wouldn't rub my cheeks though, as she does always, just before she goes into a room where there's company—would *you* mother!"

The mother gazed at her child's expressive face, as she spoke, with its irregular, yet lovely features, the strange bright eyes, the changing cheek, the full and sweet, but spirited mouth, and said to herself, "Whatever you may think, my darling, I would not change your simple, innocent, childlike unconsciousness, for all Angelina's beauty, spoiled as it is, by vanity and affection."

"But mother, do give me a subject for composition, for I want to write it now this minute."

"Harriet," said Mrs. Carlton, quietly, "go and brush your hair, change your shoes, and mend that rent in your dress as neatly as you can."

Harriet half pouted; but she met her mother's tranquil eye: the pout changed to a good humored smile, and kissing her affectionately, she bounded off to do her bidding.

While she is gone you would like—would you not, dear reader?—to ask a few questions about her. I can guess what they are, and will answer them, to the best of my knowledge.

Mrs. Carlton is a widow, with a moderate fortune, and a handsome house in Tremont Street, Boston. She has been a star in fashionable life, but since the loss of her husband, whom she tenderly loved, she has retired from the gay world, and devoted herself to her child—a wild, frank, happy generous, and impetuous creature! with half a dozen glaring faults, and one rare virtue, which nobly redeemed them all. That virtue, patient reader, you must find out for yourself. Perhaps you will catch a glimpse of it in

CHAPTER II.

AUNT ELOISE.

Harriet was busy with her composition, when her aunt, who was on a visit to Mrs. Carlton, entered the room.—Aunt Eloise was a weak minded and weak hearted lady, of a very uncertain age—unhappily gifted with more sensibility than sense. She really had a deal of feeling—for herself—and an almost inexhaustible shower of tears, varied occasionally by hysteric and fainting fits, whenever any pressing exigency in the fate of her friends demanded self-possession, energy, or immediate assistance. If too, there happened, as there will sometimes, in all households, to be an urgent necessity for instant exertion by any member of the family, such as sewing, watching with an invalid, shopping with a country cousin, poor Aunt Eloise was invariably and most unfortunately seized with a sudden toothache, headache, pain in the side, strange feelings, dreadful nervousness, or some trouble of the kind, which quite precluded the propriety of asking her aid.

Every morning at breakfast, Aunt Eloise edified the family with a wonderful dream, which the breakfast-bell, had interrupted, and every evening she grew sentimental over the reminiscen-

ces which the twilight hour had awakened. It was then that innumerable shades of former admirers arose. Some doubted if they had ever been more than shades; but Aunt Eloise certainly knew best about that, and who had a right to deny that Mr. Smith had knelt to her in pity; that Col. Green had vowed and eternal adoration; and that Lawyer Lynx had laid his heart, and his fees, which were not quite a fortune at her feet!

Aunt Eloise had been—at least she hinted so—a beauty and a bleu in her day; and to maintain both characters she rouged, wore false ringlets, and scribbled love verses, which she had a bad habit of leaving, by accident, between the leaves of books in every frequented room in the house.

She thought and avowed herself extravagantly fond of her niece, during her early childhood, and imagined that she displayed a graceful enthusiasm in exclaiming, every now and then, in her presence, and in that of others, "Oh! you angel child! I do think she is the sweetest creature! Come here and kiss me, you beauty!" &c. &c. But no one ever saw Aunt Eloise taking care of the child, attending to its little wants, or doing anything for its benefit. The only tangible proof of her affection for her niece, was in the shape of bonbons and candy, which she was in the habit of bringing home from her frequent walks in Tremont street. Harriet regularly handed these forbidden luxuries to her mother, and Mrs. Carlton as regularly threw them into the fire.

"Isn't it a pity to waste such nice things, mother? Why not give them to some poor child in the street?" asked the little girl one day, as she watched, with longing eyes a paper full of the tempting poison, which her mother was quietly emptying in the grate.

Mrs. Carlton did not disdain to reason with her child—

"That would be worse than wasted, dear. It would be cruel to give another

what I refuse to you on account of its unwholesomeness."

But Harriet had now been for a long time out of the spinster's books—as the saying is—and this misfortune occurred as follows:—

One morning when she was about six years old, the child came into her mother's room from her aunt's, where she had been alternately pelted, scolded, and tested, till she was weary, and, seating herself in a corner, remained for some time absorbed in thought. She had been reading to her mother that morning, and one sentence, of which she asked an explanation, had made a deep impression on her. It was this—"God sendeth us trials and troubles to strengthen and purify our hearts." She now sat in her corner without speaking or stirring, until her mother's voice startled her from her reverie.

"Of what are you thinking Harriet?"

"Mother, did God send Aunt Eloise to strengthen and purify my heart?"

"What do you mean my child?"

"Why the book says he sends trials for that, and she is the greatest trial I have, you know."

The indignant maiden was just entering the room as this dialogue began and hearing her own name, she stopped, unseen, to listen. Speechless with rage, she returned to her chamber, and was never heard to call Harriet an angel child again.

But we have wasted more time on the fair Eloise's follies than they deserve. Let us return to Harriet's all important composition.

The maiden lady, selfish and indolent as she was, took it into her head to be exceedingly inquisitive, and officious too, particularly where she thought her literary talents could come into play. She walked up to Harriet, and looked over her shoulder.

"What's this, hey? oh! a story.—That's right, Harriet, I am glad to see you taking to literary pursuits. Come, child, give me the pen, and I will improve that sentence for you."

"Thank you, aunt—but I don't want it improved."

"Not want it improved! There's vanity."

"Indeed, aunt, I am not vain about it, and I would like you to help me, if it were not to be shown as mine. It wouldn't be fair, you know, to pass off another's as my own. I am writing for a prize."

"For a prize! So much more reason that you should be assisted. There, dear, run away to your play, and I will write it all for you. You'll be sure to win the prize."

With every word thus uttered, Harriet's eyes had grown larger and darker, and at the close, she turned them, full of astonishment, from her aunt's face to her mother's. Re-assured by the expression, she replied.

"But Aunt Eloise, that would be a falsehood, you know."

"A falsehood Miss!" cried the maiden sharply, "it is a very common thing, I assure you."

"But not the less false for being common, Eloise," said Mrs. Carlton; pray let Harriet have her own way about it. It would be far better to lose the prize, than to gain it thus dishonestly.

Aunt Eloise, as usual secretly determined to have her own way; but she said no more then, and Harriet pursued her employment without interruption.

CHAPTER III. THE PRIZE.

The exhibition day had arrived. Harriet had finished her story several days before, and read it to her mother.

It was a simple, graceful, child-like effusion, with less pretension and ornament, than the compositions of most children of the same age contain.

Mrs. Carlton seemed much pleased; but aunt Eloise had criticised it without mercy.

At the same time she was observed to smile frequently with a cunning, sly, triumphant expression, peculiar to herself—an expression, which she always wore when she had a secret, and secrets

she had, in abundance—a new one almost every day—trivial, petty secrets, which no one cared about but herself, but which she guarded as jealousy as if they had been apples of gold.

"Good bye mother; good bye, aunty," said Harriet, glancing for a moment into the breakfast room on the morning of the day of exhibition.

She was looking very pretty in a simple tasteful dress, made for the occasion.—She held the story in her hand, neatly enclosed in an envelope, and her eyes were full of hope—the cloudless hope of childhood.

"Don't be surprised, Harriet," said her aunt, "at any thing that may happen to-day. Only be thankful if the prize is yours, that's all."

"If Kate Summers don't win it, I do hope I shall," replied the eager child, and away she tripped to school.

At twelve o'clock Mrs. Carlton and her sister took their seats among the audience in the exhibition room. The usual exercises were completed and it only remained for the compositions to be read aloud by the teacher.

The first was a sentimental essay on Friendship. Mr. Wentworth, the teacher, looked first surprised, then amused, then vexed as he read, while a gaily and fashionably dressed lady, who occupied a conspicuous place in the assembly, was observed to toss her head, and fan herself with a very complacent air, while she met the conscious eyes of a fair and beautiful, but haughty looking girl of fifteen, seated among the pupils.

"By Angelina Burton," said the teacher as he concluded, and laying it aside without comment, he took up the next,—"Lines to a favorite Tree," by Catharine Summers.

The next a story, and Harriet Carlton's eyes and cheeks changed color as she listened. It was the same yet not the same! The incidents were hers, the sentiments novel-like, and many a flowery and highly wrought sentence had been introduced, which she had never heard before.

She sat speechless with wonder, indignation and dismay, and though several other inferior compositions were read, she was so absorbed in reverie, that she heard no more until she was startled by Mr. Wentworth's voice calling her by name. She looked up—in his hand was the prize—a richly chased golden pencil case, suspended to a chain of the same material. The sound, the sight recalled her bewildered faculties, and ere she reached the desk, she had formed a resolution, which, however, it required all her native strength of soul to put in practice.

"Miss Carlton, the prize is yours!" and the teacher leaned forward to throw the chain around her neck. The child drew back—

"No sir," she said in a low but firm and distinct voice, looking up bravely in his face, "I did not write the story you have read."

"Not write it!" exclaimed Mr. Wentworth, "why then does it bear your name? Am I to understand, Miss Carlton, that you have asked another's assistance in your composition, and that you now repent the deception?"

Poor Harriet! this was too much! Her dark eye first flashed, and then filled with tears; her lip trembled with emotion, and she paused a moment, as if disdaining a reply to this unmerited charge.

A slight and sneering laugh from the beauty aroused her, and she answered respectfully but firmly,

"The story I did write, was in that envelope yesterday. Some one has changed it without my knowledge. It was not so good as that you have read; so I must not take the prize."

There was a murmur of applause through the assembly, and the teacher gave a look of approval, which amply repaid her for all the embarrassment she suffered.

Aunt Eloise took advantage of the momentary excitement to steal from the room. Harriet took her seat, and Miss Angelina Burton was next called up.

The portly matron leaned smilingly forward; and the graceful little beauty, already affecting the airs of a fine lady, sauntered up to the desk and languidly reached out her hand for the prize.

I cannot say much for your taste in selection, Miss Burton. I do not admire your author's sentiments. The next time you wish to make an extract, you must allow me to choose for you. There are better things than this, even in the trashy Magazine from which you have copied it.

And with this severe, but justly merited reproof of the imposition that had been practiced, he handed the young lady, not the prize, which she had expected, but the MS. Essay on Friendship, which she had copied word for word, from an old Magazine.

The portly lady turned very red, and the beauty, bursting into tears of anger and mortification, returned to her seat discomfited.

"Miss Catharine Summer," resumed the teacher, with a benign smile, to a plain yet noble looking girl; who came as he spoke, "I believe there can be no mistake about your little effusion. I feel great pleasure in presenting you the reward due, not only to your mental cultivation, but the goodness of your heart. What! do you hesitate?"

"Will you be kind enough, sir," said the gracious Kate, taking a paper from her pocket, "to read Harriet's story before you decide. I asked her for a copy several days ago, and here it is."

"You shall read it to the audience yourself, my dear; I am sure they will listen patiently to so kind a pleader in her friend's behalf."

The listeners looked pleased and eager to hear the story; and Kate Summers, with a modest self-possession, which well became her, and with her fine eyes lighting up as she read, did full justice to the pretty and touching story, of which Harriet had been so cruelly robbed.

"It is well worth reading," said Mr. Wentworth, when she had finished:

"your friend has won the prize, my dear young lady; and, as she owes it to your generosity, you shall have the pleasure of bestowing it yourself.

Kate's face glowed with emotion as she hung the chain around Harriet's neck; and Harriet could not restrain her tears, while she whispered, "I will take it, not as a prize, but as a gift from you dear Kate!"

"And now, Miss Summer," said Mr. Wentworth, "in conclusion, let me beg your acceptance of these volumes, as a token of your teacher's respect and esteem," and presenting her a beautifully bound edition of Milton's works, he bowed his adieu to the retiring audience.

* * * * *

"Will you lend me your prize pencil this morning, Harriet?" said Mrs. Carlton the next day. She was dressed for a walk, and Harriet wondered why she should want the pencil out with her; but she immediately unclasped the chain from her neck, and handed it to her mother without asking any questions.

She was rewarded at dinner by finding it lying at the side of her plate, with the single word "TRUTH" engraved upon its seal.

OLD MAIDS.

LOVE an old maid; I do not speak of an individual, but of the species—I use the singular number, as speaking of a singularity in humanity. An old maid is not merely an antiquarian, she is an antiquity; not merely a record of the past, but the very past itself; she has escaped a great change, and sympathises not in the ordinary mutations of morality. She is Miss from the beginning of the chapter to the end. I do not like to hear her called Mistress, as is sometimes the practice, for that looks and sounds like the resignation of despair, a voluntary extinction of hope. I do not know whether marriages are made in heaven; some people say they are, but I am almost sure that old maids are. There is a something about them

which is not of the earth, earthly. They are spectators of the world, not adventurers nor rambblers; perhaps guardians—we say nothing of tailors. They are evidently predestinated to be what they are. They owe not the singularity of their condition to any lack of beauty, wisdom, wit, or good temper; there is no accounting for it but on the principle of fatality. I have known many old maids, and of them all, not one that has not possessed as many good and amiable qualities as nine out of a hundred of my married acquaintances.—Why, then, are they single? Heaven only knows. It is their fate!

Original.

The Last of His Race.

BY A. G.


He stood upon a mossy stone,
Where proud Pacific's surges roar;
The setting Sun threw back his rays,
And lingered on the fatal shore.
Clad in the garments of his race,
The Wampum belt and Eagles plume;
He stood, in native manly grace,
And mourned the hapless Indian's doom.
The Sun is setting, yes, Alas!
As night shuts out the cloudless ray,
As speeds the meteor through the sky,
The Indian race has passed away.
What were their faults—Oh what their crimes?
That thus the white man should pursue,
A race for native virtues famed,
A race whom meanness never knew.
Roll back the tide of bloody lore,
Return the scenes that records trace;
Say, where were red men less than true,
When gave they first a false embrace?
That tide swept on from main to main,
Those scenes dyed deep the sanguine hue;
The bleeding Indian crush'd in vain,
The bow and hatchet bravely drew,
For hearths, for homes, for kindred fought,
For feeble Sire and helpless Son.
The white man's hate and scorn were bought
On fields where laurels have been won.
In vain, in vain, a manly race,
Stemmed hard oppression's bloody tide,
Entwined in freedom's proud embrace,
They fought—they bled—and nobly died.
Their faults! the white man's hand they clasp'd
In fervent friendship, fond and true,
They sheltered from the stormy blast,

The hand, the secret poignard drew.
 They fed him who with treach'rous wile,
 The forest maiden's love betray'd;
 And broken-hearted and beguiled,
 Was left to mourn in deeper shade.
 They gave a spot of earth to those,
 Who grasped the whole with reckless hand,
 Till disinherited, their woes
 Are heard alone on desert strand;
 Their parents' graves were made beneath
 The mighty monarch's honor'd shade,
 And oft around the sacred spot,
 The Indian orphan knelt and pray'd.
 Where are those graves? Oh, rudely torn,
 The white man's share now marks the spot,
 Where dear remembrance fondly dwelt,
 But now, neglected and forgot.
 From hoar Kuthaldin's wreath of snow,
 From grand Monadnocc's cloud-capp'd head,
 And all the sunny vales below,
 The Indian race has gone, has fled.
 Of proud Powhattan's princely line,
 Of famed Massasoit's regal race,
 His lineage to those ancient kings,
 No scion now remains to trace.
 Gone is their race, all withered now,
 Wampanoag's laurels fade away,
 Their thrones beneath the victor's feet,
 They own the haughty white man's sway.
 Freedom, 'tis said, looked down and wept,
 And hope beamed not her radiant smile.
 When Russian might made Poland thrall
 And her fair plains a funeral pile.
 Oh! why were angels' tears repress'd,
 Oh where is Freedom's pity now?
 The Indian warriors bleeding crush'd
 Beneath the haughty victor's bow;
 Fondly they clung to long-loved scenes,
 New-England's lovely placid lakes,
 And sparkling rills where oft at noon
 The thirsty Stag his craving slakes.
 Her lovely vales her swelling hills,
 Her mountains tow'ring to the skies;
 No longer shield the native race,
 All have become the white man's prize.
 And southern climes where prairies sweep,
 And broad savannahs meet the skies,
 Where tall grass waves and mocks the deep,
 When wild the swift-winged tempest flies.
 Where are thy lords? oh! where are those
 Who drew the bow, who led the chase,
 Encompassed by a thousand foes?
 They fought—they fell—in thy embrace.
 Beneath the waving grass they lie,
 Their heads are pillowed on their arms;
 And wild-flowers deck the lonely spot,
 And add a sweetness by their charms.
 Come Lethe! o'er the sanguine stain,
 Cast dark oblivion's silent fold,

And dire Avernus' turbid tide
 O'er many a scene of vice has rolled.
 But scenes so dark oblivion's wave,
 Ne'er rolled its gloomy surges o'er,
 A people's wrongs a nation's shame
 Are pictured on that desert shore.
 Nor kindred friend nor hope is near,
 To greet the lonely patriot's eye;
 Before him rolls the sleepless deep,
 Above him bends the vaulted sky.
 The murky clouds with sable fold,
 Send forth the lightnings living flame,
 But stern misfortunes iron grasp,
 That warrior's heart can never tame.
 One glance reveals the distant view,
 The serried column's glancing steel,
 He bid his foes a proud adieu
 Amid the cannon's vivid peal.
 Above the stately warriors' form,
 Pacific closed his flashing wave,
 Deep in the coral depths unknown;
 Was made the last brave Indian's grave.
 The lightnings flashed along the surge,
 The thunder boomed far o'er the main;
 It was the noble Indian's dirge,
 It chronicled the white man's shame.

Sophiasburg, Aug., 1849.

REMEDY FOR ASTHMA.

 AN individual who has suffered much from Asthma, and who had in vain sought relief from regular physicians, wishes us to give publicity to the following remedy:

"Procure common blotting paper, and thoroughly saturate it in a solution of nitre, (saltpetre,) and let it be carefully dried by the fire, or exposure to the rays of the sun. On retiring at night, ignite it, and deposit it *burning* on a plate or square of sheet zinc or iron in your bedroom. In many cases, it is said, this has enabled persons painfully afflicted to enjoy their rest."

[Hundreds of nights, within the last five years, when the bitter pain widened the time in proportion as respiration became more difficult: hundreds of nights has the difficulty been lessened by a suspension of what seemed and interminable agony in the smoke of burned nitre. As a means of averting present suffering, the editor of the the Visitor can recommend, from his own experience,

the use of saltpetre almost identically prepared as above. Many times has he laid down in a smoke condensed seeming to the smothering of a healthy breather, and found relief from the worst suffering.]—*Hon. Isaac Hill.*

MARRIED BY CHANCE.

THE Count de M. lived in a state of single and independent blessedness. He was yet young, very rich, and was surrounded by everything which could give enjoyment to life—except a wife. He had frequently thought of becoming a husband, but had always declared off before the knot was tied. Once, however, he found himself very nearly committing the folly of matrimony. A young person, the daughter of one of his friends, pleased him—not less her fortune than her person and accomplishments, and there were other reasons of convenience, &c, to justify the union. The Count, who had so frequently made the first step towards matrimony, but as frequently drew back, had not yet decided upon the course he should adopt in this case—he had promised the friends of the lady repeatedly, but had made no outward sign of performance. His future mother-in-law, knowing his weakness in this respect, resolved to bring matters to a termination, and therefore demanded of the Count whether he would, or would not marry her daughter, and requested an immediate reply.—The Count found himself in great embarrassment. At this moment his fears and hesitation returned with more force than ever—he trembled at the consequences. To give up his cherished habits of bachelorhood, he found was hard—it was almost impossible to abandon them. In this emergency, he resolved to appeal to chance. He wrote two letters—in the one he accepted the hand of the lady, in the other, refused it. He then put them into a hat, and called his servant.

“Take one of these letters,” said he, “and carry it to the chateau de —.”

“Which, sir?”

“Which you please.”

The servant chose a letter. The Count burnt the other without opening it.

A distance of ten leagues separated the two chateaux. The domestic must be absent twenty-four hours; twenty-four hours must elapse before the Count can know his fate. His situation is anything but agreeable—he knows not during twenty-four hours, whether he is a married man or a single one—whether he has still the power to dispose of himself, or whether he is not already disposed of. The domestic returned—he had carried the letter of acceptance, and Count de M. is, even at this time, the happiest husband in that part of the country.—*French Paper.*

Original.

MARY MAGDALENE.

BY A. G.

THE twilight was stealing over the valleys of the land of promise.—The tops of the distant mountains were yet clothed with burnished gold, but the sun had sunk beneath the horizon and the shadows were falling upon the Holy City. The song of the gentle maiden was heard as she watched the snowy flock, and the sentinels challenge was heard from the battlements. The judge descended from his seat,—at the gate, the stately priest, threw off his robes of office and retired from the proud Temple—the usurer tied up and numbered his bags of treasure—the laborer returned from his toil—the pale Queen rose in majesty—the stars looked out from the sky, and all was still. Night with its loneliness, its serene beauty, and its contemplation, reigned over the plains of Judea. The sway of the Roman Eagles extended from the Euphrates to Britain, and the banners of the mistress of the world, floated from the towers of the city of Melchisedec. The challenge of the sentinels was not in

the language used by the stripling David when he accepted the defiance of the proud Philistine. The civil polity of the Jews was changed, and a Roman governor was upon the throne of Solomon.

"Mary why this delay—knowest thou not that the Governor expressly commanded your attendance?"

The speaker was one of the young nobles of Israel. His commanding form and noble countenance could not but engage the affections of one of the fairest of the daughters of Israel.

She to whom the question was addressed was the proudest of an haughty and aristocratic race—of a noble and opulent family: every gratification she could desire was lavished upon her.—Her form would shame the noblest monuments of Grecian art, and her tresses dark as Egyptian night, shaded a brow of exquisite beauty, and her features were moulded in the loveliest sympathy. She was robed in the plainest manner. Her diamond necklace and jewelled bracelets lay beside her. She had thrown them off forever. Meekness beamed from her dark and lustrous eyes which were wont to flash with pride and scorn.

"I go not to the festival, David," she replied. "The daughters of Israel have more need to mourn than to rejoice."

The young man stood a moment in deep thought then suddenly exclaimed—

"Hast thou seen the Nazarene?"

"Yes, David, and he has given peace to my wayward, troubled, mind."

"The witchery of that strange man will steal thy heart from David. Go with me Mary, and we will live where wild flowers bloom—where sweet-toned birds upraise their songs of gladness, and love, shall join our hearts in one, and joy and peace shall dwell forever there."

"No, David, I may not. He of whom our prophets spake, has come.—His words give peace and happiness and in his presence is joy unspeakable.—This night—this hour, his little band of followers meet and pray. Go with me, David, and join the happy throng."

"Mary, the Nazarene is not *our Prince*. The nobles of Judea would scorn to join themselves to fisherman. Our ways are different—henceforth farewell."

And the youth left her presence, her mind was agitated by a thousand agonizing thoughts. He who was nearest her heart had bidden her adieu; how gladly would she have knelt with him at the feet of Immanuel—but, this was denied her; she opened the casement and the sweet notes of music could be heard from the palace of the Roman Governor. She knew all was splendor and magnificence there; that the eyes of beauty flashed with joy and happiness, and as the song and the dance went on, the fierce passions again raged in her bosom—she knelt at the open window and addressed the throne of the Eternal. She arose calm and composed, and then sought the room where were assembled the followers of the Prince of Peace. Mildness and love beamed from his meek eyes as he spoke of the rest and happiness in the bright mansions of his Father. The hymn of thankfulness and praise went up and the benediction was pronounced by the sinless lips of the Saviour of the world.

The scene is changed: Jesus is arrested. The veteran legions of Pagan Rome guard him to the hall of justice. When his disciples had all forsaken him, Mary Magdalene followed, to learn the fate of her Master, undismayed by the clash of armour and the rude gaze of the soldiers. She saw him calm and collected in the midst of his enemies; she saw him insulted, spit upon, mocked, crowned with thorns, and led away to die. She saw him faint beneath the cross, and forsook him not, when nailed to the fatal tree.

Such is woman's constancy. Though bereft of every earthly hope, she adheres to her faith with undying fortitude.—Man may quail beneath the tempest, but woman is his comforter. But what was Mary's reward? She saw the Son of God *first* after He had triumphed over the king of terrors, and, the sweet-

est, the noblest theme, that ever burst from human lips, was first proclaimed by Mary Magdalene. "The Lord is risen indeed."

Sophiasburg, 1st Oct., 1849.

The Child's Mystery.

Why do you wear that rose
Amidst your shining hair?
Its faded lustre throws
No hue of glory there!
Its leaves that once were red,
Are yellow with decay:
Oh, sister, it is dead—
Do throw that rose away!

I'll bring you flowers so new,
That when this morning's dawn
First shed its pearls of dew
Those flowers were yet unborn!
I'll pluck the pets of Spring;
I'll rob the garden's pride;—
But that poor wither'd thing—
Do cast it quite aside!

There, let me climb your seat;
And then I'll take and crush
Its petals 'neath my feet;—
Oh, sister! why that flush?
Nay, if when roses die,
You like them still to stay,
Indeed I will not try
To take that one away.

But when within our sight,
Beneath yon sky of blue,
Spring rosebuds, young and bright,
And therefore most like you!
When verdure's on the tree,
And beauty on the bower,
It *does* seem odd to me,
You love that poor dead flower!

R. R. S.

Willis spoke the truth when he said,
"Editors are the true pump-handles of
charity, always helping people to water
but never thought to be thirsty them-
selves."

THE BLIGHTED HEART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A NEW HOME," ETC.

Continued from page 216.

IN spite of my headstrong folly I could not but feel a little misgiving as I turned my back on my home, and on the kindest of mothers, and prepared to try the wide world for a subsistence. The "still small voice" that upbraided me with the sorrow of my parents I strove to silence by a determination to return to them when I should have earned a name and a fame that should cover the waywardness of my youth and crown their latter days with pride and joy. As a stepping-stone to fortune, however, it was highly necessary that I should at once determine upon some mode of earning a regular subsistence, and my passion for books, not to say my incapacity for any thing else, pointed at once to the situation of a teacher. I had no dread of this occupation. I ascribed the various satirical descriptions of its horrors to the incapacity of those who had attempted it. To a teacher qualified as I felt myself to be, I was confident the whole favored district would throng; and I anticipated with delight the astonishment of the natives when they discovered the attainments of their schoolmaster.

The first difficulty that occurred when I sought this delightful employment was the lack of proper testimonials. It had not entered my mind that a person of my appearance and acquirements would need credentials among ignorant rustics; but I found, with no little disgust, that I was required to go through the whole formula of recommendations and certificates, and prove my title to the honor of teaching a district school by as many papers as would have served to accredit a minister plenipotentiary. A long interval occurred before certificates could arrive from my Alma Mater, and by the time I had been examined and entered my new duties, an acquaintance with my patrons and their children had served to damp my ardor con-

siderably. I dropped, by degrees, the hope, of making orators and statesmen, out of the materials committed to my care; and contented myself with the more modest hope of eradicating some of the bad habits and ignorant conceit of my pupils—a sad and discouraging task. To write upon blank paper is easy, but when the surface has already been scribbled over, who can expect to produce fair and graceful lines?

Most of my scholars were the sons of farmers, who had no idea that the whole of a child's time ought to be given to the school. Many omissions occurred, and those who did attend regularly came to the writing-desk or the reading class with hands hardened by labor, or heads preoccupied by more congenial ideas.—These difficulties, however, lessened in no degree the expectations of the parents.

"I expect," said one sturdy father to me, "that now we've got sich a high larnt master, my boy'll write like copperplate afore the quarter's out;" and another, whose son spent a full month in committing the multiplication table, told me, he hardly knew how to spare him for three months, but he wanted he should "larn surveying."

The proportion of reasonable parents and capable children was lamentably small; but all this I could have borne if I had found what I expected—abundant leisure for reading. But, alas! the mornings and evenings, which were to have consoled me for the most laborious drudgery, were not at my command. That odious "boarding round"—a custom which should be abolished by statute—gave me every week a new home, if such sojourn may bear the sacred name of home; and every home seemed more uncomfortable than the last. One single fire for the household during all the morning business made reading impossible in Winter weather; and in the evenings, when, children and business being out of the way, I might have had a chance by the fireside, I found myself so fagged by the

labors of the day, that even books had no charm which could sustain my drooping eyelids. The comfortable and well ordered home I had left often rose sweet and tempting upon my weary soul; but pride forbade me to confess my error and seek again its sheltering roof. I knew my father would be ready to receive me at a word; but that word I determined never to speak.

To a temperament such as mine, the trials at which I have but hinted were unreasonably severe. Better regulated minds would have found them much more tolerable; to me they were irons entering the soul, and I felt often tempted to fly from them, as I had done from other and far less evils that had thwarted my bent at home. I did, however, exercise sufficient self-command to fulfil my agreement; but no entreaties could induce me to engage with the same set for another season; and with the pittance which my Winter of torment had earned, I set forward again, hoping to find some nook of earth where the abilities which I still valued, though at a more reasonable rate, might procure me a livelihood while I was deciding on a permanent plan of life.

I came just at evening upon a lovely spot—a village lying on a small but rapid stream which flowed through a highly cultivated valley. There was a mill with its busy, pleasant hum; a smith's shop round which the usual number of idlers were collected; a neat tavern where there were no idlers at all; one pretty street through which, at this sunset hour, many fair forms were flitting; and, on the brow of a hill which overlooked the whole, a church on whose taper spire the last rays of the sun seemed to linger with affectionate delay. I gazed with delight, and, still sanguine as ever, decided that this favored spot should be my home for the present. A school *here*, I thought, could not be like other schools—and, as far as my own experience went, I was for once right.

There was no lack of testimonials this time, and I soon found myself

established in a select school, which promised better support and more leisure than I had enjoyed in my former situation. I entered upon my new duties with interest, but had already begun to discover that all schools in the country are alike in some particulars, when an incident occurred which changed at once the bent of my repining thoughts, and the whole color of my life.

Margaret ———, a beautiful girl whose health had from childhood been so delicate as to prevent her from attending school regularly, was now, in her seventeenth year, placed under my charge. Her father, the rich man of the neighborhood, was anxious that Margaret should employ an interval of improved strength in repairing as far as possible the deficiencies of her early training, and he requested extra attention on my part, in the shape of private lessons, which brought me every evening to his house.

My imagination had often dwelt on the lovely beings who rise under the creative wand of the poet, and I had sighed to think that only in books may we hope to meet these shapes of beauty, lit from within by souls yet more divine; but in Margaret ——— did my charmed eyes discover more than poet ever painted. The softest beauty—a clear and most ingenuous mind—and a gentleness which can never be feigned—all the qualities which I should have chosen if I had been endowed, Pigmalion-like, with the power of giving to the dreams of fancy, were united in this creature. There lacked only that knowledge which it was to be my blissful task to impart, and which her young enthusiasm drank in as does the thirsty earth the long delayed shower. How I rejoiced that her mind had been no further cultivated! I would not that any other breath should aid the expansion of this tender flower. And none other did: it was mine to watch its unfolding, and imbibe its fragrance; mine to wear it in my heart of hearts. Lessons which books do not furnish passed

between the master and the pupil.—Margaret accepted my offered heart, and as frankly gave her own in exchange; and in less than two years from the time when I first saw her she became the dearer part of myself.

Is not this a trick of the imagination? Have I—the outcast of society—the disowned of Heaven—the companion only of the beasts that perish—have I ever been the beloved of Margaret—the pride of our parents—the approved and applauded of all within our little circle? Is this cold and almost pulseless heart the same which once swelled with triumph as I gazed on my wife's sweet face, and fed my pride with the thought that if I had tamely yielded to the inglorious lot marked out by my father, I should never have found this—the world's best treasure? Alas! what darkness would have veiled that joyous scene if Fate had foreshown, in the place of the happy bridegroom, the squalid wretch whose appearance now scarcely claims kindred with his species!

My father, pleased with a wealthy and influential connection, made generous provision for my outset in life.—My sister had married, and her husband proved a valuable substitute for an undutiful son. This fortunate circumstance conveniently served to quiet those troublesome whispers with which conscience would occasionally beset me. Yet the sadness which had become habitual to my mother's face conveyed a reproach to my better sense which selfish pride could never wholly disregard. Every look of hers told me that no son-in-law could ever supply my place to her; and that the disappointment occasioned by my cold-hearted desertion had thrown a chilling shade on the evening of her days. Yet one glance at my idol always sufficed to put to flight every repentant thought.

Yet the part of my life which I look back upon with the least remorse is the period that immediately followed my marriage. During those four happy

years, inspired by the various excellencies in my wife's character, I labored assiduously to correct my faults. I forgot my self-importance as far as possible, and endeavored to promote the happiness of all around me, even at the sacrifice of some of my own cherished inclinations. Imperfect as were my efforts, they were sincere, and with my Margaret, at least, eminently successful. Never was the pure light of our domestic happiness dimmed for a moment even by the overflowings of that wayward self-will which had so often brought tears to the eyes of my poor mother. How indeed could I have lived to tell this sad story, if to all the rest were added the recollection that I had ever inflicted one pang on that loving heart?

It was my intention, when I began this record, to have passed over the incidents of my early life, and to have recalled little more than the horrible catastrophe which has darkened the sun and extinguished the stars to my blighted soul for so many years. But with the attempt to say anything of myself, human feelings and the natural longing for human sympathy revived at once within me. Recollections of the entire past flooded my soul, and would have vent. Far different have long been my contemplations, and who does not know that rebellious thoughts bring their own just misery with them? The very consolation which I experience in the recital of my sorrows, reproaches me with the insane folly of having withdrawn myself from my kind until I am no longer fit for their communion. But I must not lose time which I feel will be but short.

My father-in-law had large contracts connected with internal improvements, and, besides keeping his accounts I frequently superintended the labors of his workmen in the quarry and in the forest. The latter was to me an ever new delight. To explore its tangled thickets, to roam through long branch-roofed vistas until the resounding strokes of

the woodman were lost in the distance; and then, amid the hush of noonday twilight, to give myself up to romantic musings or to solemn contemplation, was among the very few enjoyments that could reconcile me to leaving my happy home, even for a day.

On one of these occasions, when I had strayed until hunger overtook me, and I had begun to think the way home would seem too long. I came unexpectedly upon an Indian wigwam. Its inmates, a young man and his mother, received me with grave courtesy; and, at my request for food, the white-haired squaw set before me corn-bread and succatash, with a calabash of water, which was nectar to my eager thirst. The young man, a tall and well-looking specimen of his race, was one whom we had employed in searching for timber suited to our purposes, and I took this opportunity to engage him to explore a new and wild tract for some trees of great size which were necessary at that time. His manner wore that cold and stern indifference which veils the fiery soul of his race; but he promised compliance and I left him, having in vain tried to press upon himself and his mother some compensation for my refreshment.

In consequence of my commission, Indian John, as this young man was called in the neighborhood, came several times to my house, and upon one occasion crossed my wife's path as she was going out. It was then that I learned that Margaret had a deep and unconquerable dread of an Indian.—Her family accounted for it by the circumstance of her having been frightened by one when a child. The occurrence, as repeated to me, did not seem likely to have made so lasting an impression on the mind of a girl brought up on the outskirts of civilization; but it proved to be indelibly imprinted on her imagination, and was supposed to have been the first cause of her delicate health. A country girl entrusted with the care of her when four or five years

old, took her one day into the woods near her father's, in search of wild flowers; and, leaving her under a tree to amuse herself with those already gathered, penetrated further, hoping to find some still brighter and more beautiful. In her absence a drunken Indian found the child, and for mere mischief, as is supposed, gave one of those shrill yells, said to be among the most appalling of all earthly sounds. The girl, brought back by the whoop, found Margaret in strong convulsions, and for some weeks she hovered between life and death, and afterward suffered many years from the enfeebled condition of her nerves. Ever since that time she had dreaded the sight of one of the dark race, and I now understood why she had always declined my invitations to go with me to the forest. She refrained from mentioning her secret fears, for she shrunk from avowing what she considered a silly weakness. With her a weakness was not a thing to be boasted of, but to be struggled against and overcome.

But now that I had discovered this tender point, I made it my study to guard my beloved from every chance that could excite such painful feelings. I took measures to put an end to Indian John's visits—declining his services, and forbidding my men to employ him.—Still he had requests to prefer, occasionally; and finding he continued to show himself at my door, I represented to him my wife's fears, and foolishly bribed him to absent himself. After this I found he would take advantage of my absence to apply for food or money, as if determined to enjoy the pleasure of tormenting one who dared to cast dishonor on his haughty race. At length, distracted by his pertinency, I threatened and then struck him. He neither returned the blow nor offered resistance, when I put him forth forcibly, forbidding him ever to approach my doors again.

But Margaret never was at rest after that unhappy day. An Indian, she said, never forgave; and she was convinced, by the diabolical glance which

John cast upon me as I spurned him from my door, that he would, only wait some safe opportunity to take his revenge. She thought not of herself—her fears were for me alone; and I readily promised not to wander forth alone, as had been my wont, but for her sake to be very wary of my exasperated enemy. Yet I often reminded her of the subdued condition of the Indian race. "The white man," I said "has a bridle on the neck and a bit in the mouth of the savage; he has broken his spirit and bent him to his will. The red man is no longer the untamed and untamable. The deadly hatred, unappeasable but by the blood of the offender, is no longer part of his nature.—His vices as well as his virtues have lost their savage strength. The whistkey of the white man has obliterated all that is fearful, as well as all that is grand, from his character. There is nothing to be feared from so contemptible a being as the wretched Indian."

TO BE CONTINUED.

From the Tribune.

**THE TAILOR AND THE SPONGE;
OR, HOW A QUAKER COLLECTED A DEBT.**

NEAR the close of the last century, a Quaker, knight of the shears and thimble, who exercised his avocation in Philadelphia, was imposed upon by an adroit scoundrel, who contrived to get a suit of clothes on credit, and afterwards sloped without paying for them. The Quaker was too poor to lose the debt, but like too many of his cloth, he had apparently no other alternative. The account was placed on his books and soon forgotten. Some years afterwards he was examining his old records of debt and credit, profit and loss, when his attention was attracted to this account, and all the circumstances attending it came fresh to mind. Suddenly an odd thought suggested itself. "I'll try an experiment," said he to himself; "perhaps I may succeed in catching the rogue and getting my pay."

He immediately prepared an advertisement, in substance as follows, which he inserted in the Philadelphia Gazette: "If J—— C——, who was in Philadelphia about the month of ——, in the year 1795, will send his address to the editor of this paper, he will hear of something to advantage. Printers in neighboring States are requested to copy." The latter clause was inserted from a vague suspicion that the rogue had taken up his abode in New-York.

Having instructed the editor not to disclose his name to the rogue if he should call, but to request the latter to leave his address, the Quaker patiently awaited the result of his experiment.— In a short time he was informed by a note from the printer that the individual alluded to in the advertisement, having arrived from New York, might be found at a given place in the city.

The tailor lost no time in preparing a transcript of his account, not forgetting to charge interest from the time that the debt was incurred. Taking a constable with him, who bore a legal process suited to the occasion, he soon arrived at the lodgings of the swindler. The constable was instructed to stand off at a little distance till a signal should indicate the time for him to approach.

The Quaker now rang the bell, and, when the servant appeared, requested him to inform the gentleman of whom he was in search, that a friend wished to speak with him at the door.

The man obeyed the summons, and soon both debtor and creditor were looking each other in the face.

"How dost thou do?" kindly inquired the Quaker. "Perhaps thou dost not know me."

"I believe I have not had the pleasure of your acquaintance," politely answered our hero.

"Dost thou remember purchasing a suit of clothes several years ago of a poor tailor, and forgetting to pay for them?" asked the Quaker.

"Oh no," said the gentleman, blushing slightly; "you must be mistaken

in the person. It cannot be me that you wished to find."

"Ah, John! I know thee very well. Thou art the very man I wished to see. Thou hast on at this moment the very waiscoat that I made for thee. Thou must acknowledge it was of good stuff and well made, or it could not have lasted thee so long."

"O yes," said the gentleman, apparently recollecting himself; "I *do* remember now the circumstances to which you allude; yes, yes, I had intended to call and settle that little bill before leaving Philadelphia, and you may depend on my doing so. I have come here to take possession of a large amount of property which has fallen to me by will. See! here is the advertisement which apprised me of my good fortune."

Here he handed to the Quaker a New York paper containing a copy of the advertisement whose history we have given above. The Quaker looked at it with imperturbable gravity, and continued:

"Yes, I see thou art in luck, but as my demand is a small one, I think I must insist on payment before thou comest into possession of thy large estates."

The proper signal here brought the constable into the presence of the parties. The swindler was particularly astonished at the appearance of this functionary, who immediately began to execute his part of the drama.

"What!" exclaimed the rogue in an angry tone; "you surely haven't sued me?"

"Yes, I have," replied the Quaker; "and thou shouldst be thankful that nothing worse has happened to thee."

"Come in, then," said the debtor, finding himself fairly caught; "come in, and I will pay you if I must."

The three went into the house together, and the slippery gentleman having ascertained the amount of the bill, paid it in full.

The tailor having signed the receipt, placed it in the hands of his late creditor, with feelings such as may be readily

imagined. The swindler took it, and for the first time glanced at the various items of which it was composed. He said nothing till he came to the last charge, which was "*for advertising*," when he broke forth—

"Halloo! what's this? '*For advertising*?' That's an odd charge in a tailor's bill. You're cheating me!"

"O no," coolly replied the Quaker, "that is all right: it is for publishing the advertisement thou hast just showed me."

"Do you mean to say that *you* caused the publication of that advertisement?"

"Truly I did," replied the Quaker, with most provoking coolness.

"You told a — lie in it," quickly retorted the rogue.

"Convince me of that," said the Quaker, "and thou wilt find me ready to confess the fault."

"You said I should hear something to my advantage, if I would come here."

"Thou art mistaken," immediately responded the Quaker; "I only promised that thou shouldst hear of '*something to advantage*;' and is it not to the advantage of a poor tailor to collect an old debt?"

"If I can catch you in the street," said the swindler with an oath and in the deepest rage, "I'll give you such a cowering as will not leave the breath in your body."

"Nonsense, now," said the Quaker; "if thou really intends to do anything of that sort, we had better step out into the back yard and finish the business at once."

The rogue was completely *non plussed* by the coolness of the Quaker, and stood speechless and almost petrified.

"Now," said the tailor, good-naturedly, "let me give thee a piece of advice. When next thou hast occasion to get a suit of clothes, thou had better not attempt to cheat the poor tailor, but pay him honestly, for then will thy sleep be sweet and refreshing. Farewell!"

There is no doubt of the literal truth of this story, as we received it some time since from the lips of the Quaker himself.

THE MARRIAGE RING.

THE ring, it is well known, is of great antiquity, and it has been adopted as a symbol in almost every age, and by almost every nation. The practice of marrying with the ring, was, we believe, first adopted by the Greeks; the bride was modestly veiled, and after the nuptial benediction, was crowned with flowers. The ring, symbolic of eternity, having no termination, was given and received as a token of everlasting love. Among the Romans, the gift of a ring was a mark of liberation from slavery. Married people may best explain whether it is so among moderns. It was a pledge of eternal contract among the Persians and Egyptians, and in the early ages of the world, denoted authority and government, which were communicated, symbolically, by the delivery of a ring to the person on whom they were meant to be conferred. This was the case with Pharaoh when he committed the government of Egypt to Joseph. In conformity with this ancient usage, the Christian church afterward adopted the ceremony of the ring in marriage, as a symbol of the authority which the husband gave the wife over his household, and over the earthly goods with which he endowed her.

The *gimmel ring*, as its name implies, is constructed of twin or double hoops, which play within each other like the links of a chain. This kind of ring is comparatively of modern date, for which we are indebted to the French, whose skill in diversifying the symbols of the tender passion has continued unrivalled, and in the language of whose country the mottoes employed on almost all amorous trifles are still to be found. And it must be allowed that the double hoop, each apparently free, yet inseparable, both formed for uniting, and complete in the union, affords a not unapt representation of the married state.

Among the numerous love-tokens which lovers have presented to their

mistresses, in all ages, the ring bears a conspicuous part; nor is any more likely than the gimmel to "steal the impression of a mistress's fantasy," as none so clearly expressed its errand.

From a simple love token, the gimmel was at length converted into a ring of affiance. The lover putting his finger through one of the hoops, and his mistress her's through the other, were thus symbolically yoked together; a yoke which neither could be said wholly to wear, one half being allotted to one, and an equal portion to the other—And in the use of the gimmel may be seen typified a community of interest, mutual forbearance, and a participation of authority.

In New England the ring is regarded as a token of affection, but is not generally used at the marriage ceremony.—Marriages are probably as frequent here as elsewhere; but many wives have never known what it is to be in possession of a "wedding ring"—a symbol which the women of most other countries regard with a sort of superstitious reverence, as a precious treasure, and preserve with great care.

The following singular incident connected with the subject of the wedding ring, occurred some years since in England. A woman acting as cook to a lady at Northallerton, in cutting a turnip, found in the heart of it a gold ring, and immediately made her mistresses acquainted with the extraordinary circumstance. The lady sent for the gardener's wife, and asked her whether the ring she then had upon her finger was the same that she had been married with. The woman replied that it was not, as she had unfortunately lost her wedding ring about a year or two after her marriage, from off her finger while weeding in the garden. She was then asked if she should know the ring again if it was shown to her. To this she replied that the ring she had lost, had a particular mark on it, which she described. The ring found in the heart of the turnip was then produced, and

was found from the mark to be the identical ring lost by Mrs. Wood, the gardener's wife, and immediately restored to her, after it had been in the ground ten or twelve years.

A WOLF STORY.



WESTERN paper tells the following: A young child, just able to go alone, belonging to a hunter in the northern part of this township, was carried off by a she wolf to her nest. The young wolves, not being hungry, let the child lie among them, unhurt. The little creature remained thus through the night, when, the old one quitting the nest again, and the young ones probably sleeping, it crawled gradually away, as unintentional of escape as it had been unconscious of danger, and at length reached the fence of a remote field, where it was picked up by a laborer, and brought to the house of the narrator. But the innocent child had suffered terribly, and bore upon its tender body such marks of the wolf's den as would so long as it lived, sufficiently attest an otherwise almost incredible fact. The young wolves had forborne to devour their prey; but they had *tasted* it! the skin of the forehead was licked raw, all the fingers were more or less injured, and two of them were sucked and mumbled completely off!

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

FRIENDSHIP.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."



FRIENDSHIP. What is it? and where shall we find it to exist? The Divine precept found at the head of this article may be taken as a definition of this word, and all our lexicons afford explanations of the term. It is personal kindness, growing out of that brotherly

love which all mankind, should cherish, for one another. The Saviour of mankind gave the appellation "Friends" to his Disciples, because they had espoused his cause, and were ready to follow him through evil report and good report. And he has stated for the information of the whole world, that those are His friends who do whatsoever he has commanded. There is something endearing in the word itself. When uttered, it is a sound that falls with an agreeable softness, and welcome, upon the ear.— And when true friendship exists it affords the greatest pleasure to the mind, of anything upon earth. No language can describe the joy felt in the mind, and the real pleasure occasioned by acts of kindness performed by a friend in the time of need. Most of men know what it is to need a friend; and the individual fortunate enough to find one at the time required, knows well how to prize him.

We have an instance of genuine friendship recorded in the Scriptures, in the case of Jonathan and David. It is said of Jonathan, "That he loved David as he loved his own soul." The King had determined, and threatened, to destroy David; but his son Jonathan, was the true friend of David; and at the hazard of his own life, and of every earthly prospect and possession, he exerted himself for his safety and deliverance. Nor was his friendship that of an hour's duration,—a friendship composed of professions and flatteries existing during the season of prosperity; but vanishing at the approach of a reverse of fortune:—but it was a friendship based upon enlightened and sound prin-

ciples and governed by pure and disinterested motives. David in return loved Jonathan, and entertained feelings of affection and kindness for him which no change of circumstances could deface. They entered into a covenant with each other in these words, "The Lord be between me and thee; and between my seed and thy seed forever." David was forced to flee from the presence of Saul, and to hide himself in the field; where he was sought by Jonathan, "And they kissed one another, and loved one another." How true—how real—was the friendship that existed between them.— It afforded great relief and comfort to the mind of David to meet with his friend occasionally, and commune with him on the subject of his sore afflictions.

Friendship is easily explained; but when we come to inquire after its existence, in the present state of society, the task becomes somewhat difficult.— Where it should be cherished, and evinced, in all its pure and benign qualities, its fruits are seldom seen. With all the intelligence, the advance of science and education, and the extensive circulation of the Sacred Scriptures, in this day and age of the world; but little friendship is exhibited. Selfishness, and avarice, keep pace with every improvement in science an virtue, destroying every feeling of benevolence and love, and preventing the existence and practice of friendship. Society is cut up into parties, and even the churches are divided into feuds and factions, until the Scriptural injunction, "Let brotherly love continue," is no longer understood. But it is remarkable, and it is painful, that


there should be so little friendship among professors of religion, and that in the same communion we should, not unfrequently, discover a lamentable deficiency in this respect. Indeed the Cynic is no longer a rare member of society.—He is found in every circle. With the wealthy and with the poor; and with the members of the church, where he regularly approaches the Holy communion! The following is a description of this character:—

“The Cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness and blind to light, mousing for vermin, and never seeing noble game. The Cynic puts all human actions into only two classes—*openly* bad, and *secretly* bad. All virtue and generosity and disinterestedness are merely the *appearance* of good, but selfish at the bottom. He holds that no man does a good thing except for profit. The effect of his conversation upon your feelings is to chill and sear them; to send you away sore and morose. His criticisms and innuendoes fall indiscriminately upon every lovely thing, like frost upon flowers. If a man is said to be pure and chaste, he will answer: *Yes, in the day time*. If a woman is pronounced virtuous, he will reply: *yes, as yet*. Mr. A is a religious man: *yes, on Sundays*. Mr. B. has just joined the church: *certainly; the elections are coming on*. The minister of the gospel is called an example of diligence: *It is his trade*. Such a man is generous: *of other men's money*. This man is obliging: *to lull suspicion and cheat you*. That man is upright: *because he is green*.—Thus his eye strains out every good quality and takes in only the bad. To him religion is hypocrisy, honesty a preparation for fraud, virtue only want of opportunity, and undeniable purity, asceticism. The live-long day he will coolly sit with sneering lip, uttering sharp

speeches in the quietest manner, and in polished phrase, transfixing every character which is presented; *His words are softer than oil, yet are they drawn swords*.

Some of our readers may think our picture overdrawn; but our knowledge of the world is proof to ourselves that we have not gone beyond the mark.—That there is friendship in the world, we readily admit. It would be a dark picture—a deplorable state of things indeed, if, amidst all the professions of friendship, so common at present, there should not exist any portion of this disposition. True, and tried friends there are; but, they are few in number, compared with what should be the state of society in this enlightened age of the world. Let, then, the man who has a friend, know how to prize him. And when true, enlightened, and pure friendship exists, let nothing that may arise have the effect of marring, nor breaking it up.

NOTICES.

HE ECCLESIASTICAL AND MISSIONARY RECORD.—This is a monthly, in octavo, published in this city. It is a religious periodical devoted to the interests of the Presbyterian Church of Canada. Dr. Burns and several other ministers of the Free Church, write for its pages, and its editorial department is ably conducted. While this work guards, closely, the interests of the denomination, it is of a character to promote religion, generally, and morality, where it circulates; affording explanations and illustrations on portions of the

Holy Scriptures, of a highly literary and spiritual character.

We are glad to add this journal to our list of exchanges. And we wish it, and also every similar production, great prosperity. Should we not be able to subscribe to all the doctrines taught and advocated by the *Record*; we will, nevertheless, wish it success, on account of the bold stand which it takes against sin, and every species of ignorance, and immorality. The *Record* is published at the low price of 3s. 9d. per annum, in advance.

THE JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.—This is a monthly of 16 pages, octavo, published in Toronto by Dr. Ryerson and Mr. J. G. Hodgins at 5s. per annum. As its name imports, it is devoted exclusively to the subject of education. A work of the kind had long been needed in the Province; and when one was to be commenced we know of no more suitable persons to have the management of it than the Superintendent of Education. This *Journal* has now been in the hands of the public two years. To say that every principle advanced, and every measure advocated, by this publication, have been of the right character, would be saying too much; but to say that it is an ably conducted work, and that it contains from month to month much important and useful information, upon the subject of education, is no more than doing it justice.

Every number gives proof of great labor and care being bestowed on the work, while its object evidently is to assist in rendering complete, and permanent, that system of common school ed-

ucation, adopted by the Provincial Government, and managed by the Superintendent. The subject of education is receiving great attention at the present time in our country, and education is advancing and its blessing are being diffused, and felt, to a much greater extent than anything else upon which the prosperity of the nation depends. This cause, fraught with vital interest to our country, is marching with gigantic strides over our land, bearing away every impediment, planting its standard in every neighborhood, and making its conquests in every circle and condition in the population. To produce this state of things, it has been necessary to employ means—to use instrumentalities.—Among the means employed, the *Journal of Education* has had its part to perform, and that it has been of service, and continues to be useful in the cause of education, every unprejudiced person in the country, who has read its pages, will readily admit. It is a work well worthy of support, and one that will be found to be particularly useful to teachers, and such persons as are particularly interested in the educational prosperity of our country.

OUR NUMBERS.

WE now get out a number of the *Gem* about every eight days; at which rate we shall complete the volume in the course of the month of December. Let our readers enquire at their respective Post Offices every week for the *Gem*, as we shall mail them as fast as we shall get them ready for circulation.